

JOSEPH PULITZER IS DEAD

END CAME SUDDENLY ON HIS YACHT AT CHARLESTON.

Mrs. Pulitzer Reached Him Just Before He Died—He Was Only 64—For 20 Years He Had Been Blind, but Retained Personal Charge of His Papers.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 29.—Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, died at 1:40 o'clock this afternoon on board his yacht Liberty in Charleston harbor after an illness of two days. He was en route from New York to Jekyll Island, where he had a winter home. He was accompanied by his son Herbert. The yacht was proceeding leisurely down the coast and six days ago put into Charleston harbor, as Mr. Pulitzer was not feeling well. He

Some hours after midnight this morning he suffered intense pain, but **was** relieved and was thought to be much better. He fell asleep at 10 o'clock in the forenoon and continued to slumber until about 11 o'clock, when he awoke. He seemed better and his secretary read to him for a time. About 1 o'clock Mr. Pulitzer began to complain of great pain in the region of his heart. Efforts were made to relieve him, but they failed and he fainted and died about 1:40.

Mrs. Pulitzer reached here from New

York to-day and went aboard the yacht just a short while before her husband died.

Mr. Pulitzer's mind was clear up to a short time before his death. A little

before the final attack his secretary was reading to him a history of the reign of Louis XI. of France. As the secretary reached the story of the French king's death Mr. Bulinger, who had been listening

dean Mr. Pulitzer, who had been listening intently, said "Leise, ganz leise" (softly, very softly). He spoke no more until he complained of the pain about his heart and fell into a faint and died.

Mr. Pulitzer was attended by Dr. Gunthman, his yacht physician. To-day Dr. Wilson of Charleston was called.

The patient evidently did not anticipate death, for it is said that this morning he was speaking of his winter home on Jekyll Island and discussing certain improvements which he intended to make.

The body of Mr. Pulitzer will be taken north to-morrow afternoon over the

Atlantic Coast Line in a special car. The funeral car will leave here about 4 o'clock. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., and his wife are en route here from St. Louis and one of the dead man's daughters

will come from Colorado to accompany the body to New York. Ralph Pulitzer, the oldest son, will meet the funeral train on its way to New York. The burial will be in Woodlawn.

Mr. Pulitzer was 64 years old. He had

been in his usual health up to the time of the brief illness preceding his death. Last Wednesday he left New York on his yacht for a short cruise to the South, intending to be back for election day. He was accompanied by his youngest

son, Herbert Pulitzer, a lad of about 14, who had recently been his father's almost constant companion. The cruise was planned merely to avoid the chill of New York.

When Mr. Pulitzer became ill Mrs. Pulitzer was notified. She had been called

to her husband several times before when he had suffered minor illnesses while away from home and nothing in the present instance led either Mrs. Pulitzer or those who had summoned her to believe

that the illness would prove serious. She arrived half an hour before her husband died.

Telegrams received at the World office last night from Mrs. Pulitzer said that she would leave Charleston for New York with the body to-day. Ralph Pulitzer,

with the lady today. Ralph Pulitzer, the oldest son, who was in New York, went South last night to meet his mother. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., another son, was in St. Louis when word of his father's death reached him. He started for New York last night. Besides the three sons, Mr. Pulitzer has a daughter and a granddaughter.

Late one afternoon twenty-two years ago Joseph Pulitzer, who was then 42 years old, was leaning on the rail of a yacht as the boat was standing out of the

"Has the sun set so soon?" Mr. Pulitzer asked abruptly of his secretary.

"Yes it has," the editor insisted. "It has for me."

Up to that moment Mr. Pulitzer had been able vaguely to distinguish various objects before him, although each day the persistent haze had been growing

thicker. Now he was able only to tell vaguely daylight from night. But for the last twenty years—almost up to the moment of his death—he had been in constant touch with his newspapers in New York and St. Louis, personally during his short and distant travels. May

ing his short and infrequent visits to Manhattan and by telegraph or cable while cruising here and abroad on his yacht, although throughout the past decade he had been blind.

Mr. Pulitzer's father was a Hungarian Jew, his mother a Catholic. He was born

at Budapest on April 10, 1847. In his childhood in Hungary he received some instruction from a private tutor, which was the sum total of his schooling. Forty-seven years ago he landed in Boston, a tall, lean immigrant over six feet in height, and came to New York with a twenty

Two of his mother's brothers had been officers in the Austrian army and one of them had fought under Maximilian in Mexico. Not long before young Pulitzer decided to emigrate to America he had written from home to Paris to enlist

un away from home to enlist in the Legion Etrangere, but was rejected because even then his sight was defective. Next he tried to enlist in London, but was again rejected. In America, however, in 1864 enlisting officers were not so particular. In September of that year he

joined the Federal Army as a private in the First New York Cavalry, popularly known as the Lincoln cavalry. He served with the Army of the Shenandoah until honorably discharged at the close of the civil war.